A
FOVRE-FOVLD
Meditation,

Of the foure laſt things:
viz.

1. Houre of Death.
2. of the Day of Iudgement.
3. of the Paines of Hell.
4. of the Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the eſtate of the Elect and Reprobate.

Compoſed in a Diuine Poeme

By *R. S.*
The author of S. Peters complaint.

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A

To the Right Worſhipfull and *Vertuous Gentleman, Mathew* Saunders, Eſquire.

W.H. wiſheth, with long life, a proſperous achieuement of his good deſires.

SIr; as I with great deſire apprehended the leaſt opportunity of manifeſting towards your worthy ſelfe my ſincere affection, ſo ſhould I be very ſory to preſent any thing vnto you, wherein I ſhould growe offenſiue, or willingly breed your leaſt moleſtation: but theſe meditations, being Diuine and Religious (& vpon mine owne knowledge, correſpondent to your zealous inclination) emboldened me to recommend them to your view and cenſure, and therein to make knowne mine owne entire affection, and ſeruiceable loue towards you. Long haue they lien hidden in obſcuritie, and happily had neuer ſeene the light, had not a meere accident conuayed them to my hands. But, hauing ſeriouſly peruſed them, loath I was that any who are religiouſly affected, ſhould be depriued of ſo great a comfort, as the due conſideration thereof may bring vnto them. As for my ſelfe, Sir, the knowledge you haue of me, I hope will excuſe the coldneſſe and ſterilitie of my conceipts, who couet to illuſtrate my intire affectiõ vnto your woiſhip, by reall and approued actions, referring my ſelfe wholly in this, & all other my indeuours, to your fauourable conſtruction, who ſhall euer be of power, in the humbleſt ſeruices to command me.

Your Worſhips vnfained affectionate,
W.H.

A Treatiſe of the houre of Death, *the day of Iudgement, the paines* of Hell, and the ioyes of Heauen.

Of the houre of Death.

OH wretched man, which loueſt earthly things,
And to this world, haſt made thy ſelfe a thrall,
Whoſe ſhort delights, eternall ſorrow brings,
Whoſe ſweet in ſhow, in truth is bitter gall:
Whoſe pleaſures fade, ere ſcarce they be poſſeſt,
And grieue them leaſt, that do them moſt deteſt.

Thou art not ſure, one moment for to liue,
And at thy death, thou leaueſt all behind,
Thy lands, and goods, no ſuccour then can giue,
Thy pleaſures paſt, are corſiues to thy mind
Thy worldly friends, can yeeld thee no reliefe,
Thy greateſt ioyes, will proue thy greateſt griefe.

Of the houre

The time will come, when death will thee aſſault,
Conceiue it then, as preſent for to be,
That thou in time, maiſt ſeeke to mend thy fault,
And in thy ſelfe, thine error plainly ſee:
Imagine now, thy courſe is almoſt ſpent,
And marke thy friends, how deeply they lament.

Thy wife doth howle, hir ſhrikes do pearſe the skies,
Thy childrens teares, their ſorrowes do bewray,
Thy kinsfolke waile, and weepe with wofull cries,
Yet muſt thou die, and canſt no longer ſtay:
Lo here the ioyes, and treaſures of thy heart,
Thy race is runne, from them thou muſt depart.

With paine thou lieſt, gaſping now for breath,
Paſt hope of life, or hope of any good,
Thy face preſents, a liuely forme of death,
Thy heart becomes, all cold for want of blood:
Thy noſtrils fall, and gaſping thou doſt lie,
Thy loathſome ſight, thy friends begin to flie.

Thy

of Death.

Thy voyce doth yeeld, a hoarſe and hollow ſound,
Thy dying head, doth yeeld to deadly ſleepe,
Thy ſenſes all, with horror do abound,
Thy feete do dye, and death doth vpward creepe:
Thine eyes do ſtare, deepe ſhrunke into thy head,
Thy iawes do fall, and ſhew thee almoſt dead.

What doeſt thou thinke, now all thy ſenſes faile,
What doeſt thou ſay, by pleaſure here is wonne,
How doeſt thou now, thy paſſed life bewaile,
How doeſt thou wiſh, thy courſe were now to runne?
What wouldſt thou do, thine ending life to ſaue,
What wouldſt thou giue, for that thou canſt not (haue?

Thy body now, muſt from thy ſoule depart,
Thy lands and goods, an other muſt poſſeſſe,
Thy ioyes are paſt, on which thou ſett'ſt thy heart,
Thy paines to come, no creature can expreſſe:
Lo now the fruite, and gaine of all thy ſinne,
Thus life muſt end, and endleſſe life beginne.

Of the Houre

Thy former faults, are ſet before thine eyes,
And monſtrous ſhew, which ſeemd before ſo ſmal,
To ſwallow thee, Diſpaire in ſecret lyes,
And al thy ſinnes, with terror thee appall: (mourne,
With ſcalding ſighes, they moue thee now to
And force thy ſoule, with ſorrow for to burne.

Thou waileſt now, the pleaſing of thy will,
Thine ill got goods, do make thee to lament,
Thy vaine delights, with anguiſh thee do fill,
Thy wanton parts, thy conſcience do torment:
Thy ſweeteſt ſinnes, do bring thee bitter ſmart,
Thy hainous faults, oppreſſe thy dying heart.

With dreadfull feare, they ſhake thy guiltie minde,
And bent to fight, with furie thee incloſe,
In worldly wealth, no reſcue canſt thou finde,
But ſtandſt incloſd, amidſt thy mortall foes:
A thouſand deaths, would ſeeme a leſſer paine,
Then this eſtate, in which thou doſt remaine.

No

No tongue, no pen, no creature can bewray,
How all thy ſinnes, their feſtred rancour ſhow,
How ſobbing ſighes, with ſorrow thee diſmay,
How bluſtring ſtormes, of griefe begin to blow:
Thy ioyes are gone, which were thy God before,
thy life is done, and ſhall returne no more.

Now heauen to win, no paines thou wouldſt refuſe,
Nor ſpare thy good, to eaſe thy wofull ſtate,
Of all thy ſinnes, thy ſelfe thou doſt accuſe,
And calſt for grace, which ſeldom's giuen ſo late:
For ſinne thou diedſt, while life and power did laſt,
And leaueſt now, when power to ſinne is paſt.

What booteth it, thy lewdneſſe to lament,
And leaue off ſinne, when ſinne forſaketh thee,
What canſt thou do, when all thy force is ſpent,
Or will our Lord, with this appeaſed be?
Thy life thou ledſt, in ſeruice of his foe,
And ſerueſt him, when life thou muſt forgo.

Of the houre

Then had-I-wiſt, with ſorrow thou doeſt ſay,
But after-wits, repentance euer breed,
The houre is come, thy debt thou now muſt pay,
And yeeld to death, when life thou moſt doeſt need:
Thy breath is ſtopt, in twinkling of an eye,
Thy body dead, in vgly forme doth lye.

Thy carcaſe now, like carrion men do ſhunne,
Thy friends do haſt, thy buriall to procure,
Thy ſeruants ſeeke, away from thee to runne,
Thy loathſome ſtench, no creature can endure:
And they which tooke, in thee their moſt delight,
Do hate thee moſt, and moſt abhorre thy ſight.

Thy fleſh ſhall ſerue, for vermin as a pray,
For pampering which, both ſea & land was ſought,
Thy body muſt, tranſformed be to clay,
For whoſe delight, ſuch coſtly clothes were bought:
Thy pride in duſt, thy glory in the graue,
Thy fleſh in earth, an ending now ſhall haue.

Behold

of Death.

Behold the place, in which thou muſt abide,
Is loathſome, darke, vnſweet, and very ſtraight,
With rotten bones, beſet on euery ſide,
And crawling wormes, to feed on thee do waite:
O hard exchange, O vile and hatefull place,
Where earth and filth, thy carcaſe muſt imbrace.

O wretched ſtate, O moſt vnhappy man,
Yet were it well, if nothing were behinde,
If all might end, as here it firſt began,
Some hope there were, an ending for to finde:
For then as God, of nothing did thee frame,
By courſe againe, thou ſhouldſt become the ſame.

Of the day of Iudgement.

BVt liue thou muſt, a thouſand deaths to die,
And dying ſtill, yet neuer wholy dead,
Thou muſt appeare, before the Iudge on hie,
And haue reward, as thou thy life haſt lead:
The time is come, thou canſt no longer ſtay,
The Iudge is ſet, and bootleſſe is delay.

Behold

Of the Day

Behold his power, whome here thou didſt offend,
For vaine delights, which were but meere deceipt,
Behold on him, how Angels do attend,
And all that hoaſt, doth for thy comming waight:
Behold his throne, of glory in the skies,
And marke how wrath, doth ſparkle in his eyes.

Lo this is he, which euery thing did make,
Whom heauen & earth, do praiſe both night & day,
Lo heere the looke, at which th'Angels quake,
Lo here the Lord, whom all things do obey:
His wil is law, and none can it withſtand,
His wrath conſumes, and killeth out of hand.

O wretched ſoule, how may his wrath be borne?
Or can a worme, his fury now abide?
Th'Angels al, do laugh thy ſinnes to ſcorne,
They hate thy ſinne, and loath thee for thy pride?
They ſhine with beames, farre brighter then the ſunne,
And cal to God, that iuſtice may be done. (Each

of Iudgement.

Each creature cries, that puniſht thou maiſt be,
Whom in thy life, thou lewdly didſt abuſe,
Both heauen and earth, are foes profeſt to thee,
And all thy thoughts, of ſinne do thee accuſe:
Thy words & deeds, againſt thee now are brought
& all the faults, which ſinne in thee hath wrought.

Thou cited art, a iuſt accompt to make,
How farre thou ſought ſt, thy ſelfe for to deny,
How all thy lands, and wealth thou didſt beſtow,
And with thy good, thy brothers need ſupplie:
What care thou hadſt, thy makers name to praiſe,
What paines thou tookſt, to walke in all his waies.

The Iudge doth aske, how all thy time was ſpent,
If from offence, thy ſenſes thou didſt keepe,
If in thy ſoule, thou truly didſt lament,
And for thy ſinnes, with harty ſorrow weepe:
If thou his feare, didſt ſet before thine eyes,
And for his loue, all worldly ioyes deſpiſe.

Of the day

If of thy foes, reuenge thou haſt not ſought,
If to thy friends, thou neuer wert vnkinde,
If earthly pompe, thou euer ſetſt at nought,
If ſecret hate, thou keepſt not in thy minde:
If thou alike, didſt ioy and ſorrow take,
And with thy heart, all carnall luſt forſake.

Thy thoughts and words, the Iudge doth open lay,
And asketh now, a iuſt accompt of all,
And how thou didſt, his motiues here obay,
And for his grace, with earneſt ſeruor call:
If all thy life, on earth thou leadſt vpright,
And in his loue, didſt ſettle thy delight.

What canſt thou plead, thy lewdneſſe to excuſe?
When truth ſhall proue, in all thou didſt offend,
The Iudge is iuſt, thou canſt not him refuſe,
Thy cauſe is naught, thou canſt not it defend:
To hope for helpe, (alas) it is but vaine,
The time is paſt, no grace thou canſt obtaine.

Our

of Iudgement.

Our Lord doth ſay, how couldſt thou vſe me ſo?
Sith I to thee, both ſoule and body gaue,
How durſt thou ſeeke, to ſerue my mortall foe?
Sith I did dye, thy ſoule from death to ſaue:
I gaue thee all, and me thou didſt deteſt,
He gaue thee nought, yet wholy thee poſſeſt.

Thy lands and goods, did from my goodneſſe flow,
Thy fleſh and bones, I did of nothing frame,
Both wealth and witte, I did on thee beſtow,
And gaue thee all, to praiſe my holy name:
Yet with them all, thou didſt againſt me fight,
And fledſt to him, that beares me moſt deſpight.

When I did ſpeake, thou ſeemedſt deafe and dumbe,
When he did call, thou mad'ſt him anſwer ſtraight,
He neuer ſtaide, but in did quickly come,
And I without, inforced was to waite:
O thankleſſe wretch, thou me ſhalt ſee no more,
But dwell with him, that had thy heart before.

Thou ſhalt with him, for euermore remaine,
To whom thy ſelfe, for pleaſure thou haſt ſold,
His wil thou wroughtſt, & mine thou didſt diſdaine,
His right thou art, I can thee not withhold:
Thine owne delights, haue made thee his to be,
The choice was thine, no wrong is done to thee.

The diuel's ſpeech to Chriſt in the day of iudgment.

Then comes the diuell, and to our Lord doth ſay,
O righteous Iudge, this wretch I ought to haue,
For in his life, he would not thee obay,
But with his heart, himſelfe to me he gaue:
My precepts were, his practiſe day and night,
And me to pleaſe, he made his whole delight.

Himſelfe he vow'd, to ſerue me all his dayes,
His eyes were fix'd, vpon my councell ſtill,
His feete were bent, to walke in all my waies,
His heart was ſet, for to performe my will:
His life and lands; I drew him on to ſpend,
In doing that, which might thee moſt offend.

Thy

of Iudgement.

Thy power he ſcornde, and quite refuſd thy grace,
Thy bitter paines, he baniſht from his eyes,
Thy pretious bloud, he neuer would imbrace,
Thy grieuous wounds, he lewdly did deſpiſe:
Thy threats for ſinne, he reckon'd as a ieſt,
Thy words and will, in all he did deteſt.

Thy endleſſe ioyes, he ſeemed to diſdaine,
And followed that, in which he found delight,
In ſeruing thee, he tooke not any paine,
But all thy loue, with hate he did requite:
What reaſon now, thy glory he ſhould ſee,
Of which he ſeem'd, ſo careleſſe for to be?

Thou didſt him make, and on him all beſtowe,
I nothing gaue, nor him to being brought,
Yet thee he left, to whom he loue did owe,
And me he ſeru'd, who neuer gaue him ought:
What wouldſt thou more, thou vſeſt none to (wrong,
And he to me, in iuſtice doth belong. Be-

Of the day.

The ſoule refuſed of God.

Behold O ſoule, how God doth thee refuſe,
And how his ſo, doth claime thee as his owne,
Thy conſcience doth, with terrour thee accuſe,
And reape thou muſt, as thou before haſt ſowne:
The Lord of Lords, doth thee condemne to lie,
In endleſſe flames, where liuing thou muſt die.

O wretched ſoule, what ſhall become of thee?
What greater paine, can any heart deuiſe?
Yet worſe there is, if worſe then it may be,
Thy body muſt, to iudgement ſhortly riſe:
And both alike, in hell muſt ſuffer ſmart,
As both on earth, in ſinne had equall part.

The ſignes before the day of iudgment.

All ſinners faine, would ſhunne this dreadfull day,
And wiſh it were, without their perill paſt,
The feare alone, muſt needs the heart diſmay,
The ſignes appeare, and on it commeth faſt:
Behold the ſunne, is darke that ſhined bright,
The Starres do fall, the Moone hath loſt her light.

Behold

of Iudgement.

Behold how men, are waſted quite with wo,
And cannot finde, a harbour now of reſt,
Behold on earth, how ſenſeleſſe they do go,
Their faces pale, their hearts with feare oppreſt:
Behold each where, how beaſts with terror crie,
And marke how men, already ſeeme to die.

Behold how bloud, the trees and branches ſweat,
And how each thing, doth tremble feare and quake,
Behold the ſea, againſt the land doth beat,
And roaring lowd, doth force the earth to ſhake:
Her ſurging mount, with ſwelling fury ſhowes,
And on the land, hir fiſh ſhe foaming throwes.

The clowdes like ſmoake, do vaniſh in the skies,
The mountaines moue, the earth doth open wide,
And bluſtering winds, with ſtorme and tempeſt riſe,
The ſtouteſt hearts, their faces ſeeke to hide:
Both rich and poore, from cities now are fled,
And all in caues, do runne to ſhrowd their head.

Each

Of the day.

Each liuing thing, for helpe doth cry and call,
The ſauage beaſts, vnto the cities flie,
The earth doth quake, the loftieſt towers fall,
And beaſts remaine, where men were wont to lie:
The courſe begins, of nature here to faile,
The heau'ns do mourne, & al things els do waile.

The Angell lowd, his dreadfull trumpet ſounds,
And ſommons all, that euer life poſſeſt,
The earth with wo, and terror all abounds,
The dead ariſe, that long haue lien at reſt:
Both quicke and dead, aſſembled round do ſtand,
And waite his will, whoſe comming is at hand.

Behold how lowe, both heauen & earth doth bow,
And proſtrate all, his fauour do deſire,
Behold how Chriſt, in glory commeth now,
And in the aire, appeares a ſea of fire:
Th'earth for feare, doth tremble at his ſight,
The ſea's dried vp, the hils are melted quite.

The

of Iudgement.

The hardeſt rocks, are turned into duſt,
His furious wrath, no creature can abide,
Their paines were ſweet, which now are proued iuſt,
And need not ſeeke, in corners them to hide:
Our Lord rewards, where goodneſſe he doth find,
Thriſe happy they, which haue a guiltleſſe minde.

O curſed ſoule, how art thou drownd in care,
When all this ſight, is ſet before thine eyes,
Thy paſſing feare, no writing can declare,
Thy body darke, like death doth ſeeme to riſe:
Thy hope is paſt, for eaſing of thy ſmart,
Thy ſinnes are pricks, to wound thy dying heart.

Behold how thou, no fauour here canſt get,
Nor from thy foes, by any meanes eſcape,
On right hand th'art, with all thy ſinnes beſet,
Beneath thee hell, to ſwallow thee doth gape:
The fearefull fiends, vpon thy left hand frowne,
And lie in waite, to caſt thee head-long downe.

Of the day.

Aboue thee ſits, the Iudge enflam'd with rage,
Whom in thy life, thou lewdly didſt offend,
No meanes thou haſt, his wrath for to aſſwage,
His browes he doth, with angrie fury bend:
And all the ſinnes, of men he doth repeat,
Which maketh then, his indignation great.

Within thee gnawes, thy conſcience voide of grace,
And all the ill, to which thou didſt conſent,
Without thee open, bookes declare thy caſe,
Which damn'd thou doeſt, with bitter griefe lamēt:
On euery ſide, the world doth thee affright,
Which terror ſhews, & flames all burning bright.

If forward now, thou takeſt on thy way,
Thou headlong doeſt, vnto thy ruine runne,
The diuell doth watch, thy comming back to ſtay,
No meane is left, miſfortune for to ſhunne,
What wilt thou do, inuiron'd thus with wo?
For neither back, nor forward canſt thou go.

O wret-

of Iudgement.

O wretched man, how heauie is thy heart?
How doeſt thou wiſh, for that which cannot be?
How doeſt thou ſigh, and quake in euery part?
How muſt thy friends, be ſeuered now from thee?
Repleate with ioy, in glory they ſhall reigne,
And full of griefe, thou torment muſt ſuſteine.

Of the paines of Hell.

THe Iudges words, are like a burning fire,
Which waſteth all, it commeth to imbrace,
It booteth not, his iuſtice to require,
The time is paſt, of calling now for grace:
Behold the Iudge, doth thee condemne to hell,
Where thou in paine, for ſinne ſhalt euer dwell.

O dolefull words, O moſt vnhappy wight,
Thy head to hide, for mountaines thou doeſt call,
Thy future paines, are preſent in thy ſight,
Thou curſeſt now, the cauſers of thy fall:
Thy birth and life, too late thou doeſt repent,
Thou waileſt both, but doeſt in vaine lament.

Of the paines

No tongue that paine, no creature can expreſſe,
Thoſe deadly griefes, which alwaies thou ſhalt taſt,
The longer time, thy comfort is the leſſe,
Thy hope decayes, thy ſorrows neuer waſt:
Oh bitter ſweet, which earthly pleaſures breed,
This liuing death, all torments doth exceed.

Thy wanton eyes, thoſe helliſh monſters ſee,
Whoſe bloudy mindes, thy ruine did conſpire,
Whoſe neeſings ſeeme, like lightnings for to be,
Whoſe vglie mouth, doth caſt out flames of fire:
whoſe noſtrils ſmoake, whoſe eies are glowing red,
whoſe whole delight, by others ſmart is bred.

Thy wretched eares, which harkened vnto lies,
May heare how fiends, do rage with great deſpight,
No voice is there, but ſhrikes and hideous cries,
Which able are, the ſtouteſt heart t'affright: (waile,
Where ſome blaſpheme, and ſome their ſtates be-
Where others curſſe, and neuer ceaſe to raile.

Thy

Thy dainty noſe, which had perfumes each day,
A loathſome ſtench, for euer muſt abide,
Which riſeth vp, from damned bodies aye,
That heaped there, doe ſmell on euery ſide:
Lo here the ſweet, thy ſmelling to content,
No worldly thing, can yeeld ſo foule a ſent.

Thy curious taſte, doth hunger now ſuſtaine,
Which did in meate, ſuch rare deuiſes craue,
With burning thirſt, thou ſuffereſt grieuous paine,
And yet to coole, no water canſt thou haue:
No drop is there, thy thirſting for to eaſe,
Nor hope of helpe, that may thy griefe appeaſe.

Thy feeling yet, the greateſt paine doth beare,
When firie flames, do all thy parts torment,
And ſhiuering cold, thou alſo findeſt there,
With gnaſhing teeth, that makes thee to lament:
Thy teares with heate, in ſtreames are daily ſhed,
Thy teeth with cold, do chatter in thy head.

Of the paines

If for a while, no creature can indure,
In earthly fire, one member for to be,
What torment do, thy paſſed ioyes procure,
In endleſſe flames, thy body for to ſee?
what griefe, what paine, what ſorrow may it breed,
which doth our earthly flames, ſo farre exceed?

The diuels with flouts, do laugh thee now to ſcorne,
Thy fleſh and bones, a ſunder they do teare:
Thy curſed ſinne, with cruell whip is torne,
Thy wofull heart, is filled full with feare:
With inward wo, thy ſoule is ſore oppreſt,
With outward paine, thy body finds no reſt.

Thy torments ſtrange, doe breed thee bitter griefe,
Which reſts in thy, imagination ſtill,
Thy owne conceit, which now ſhould yeeld releeſe,
Doth labour more, with ſorrow thee to fill:
Thou think'ſt on that, thou wouldeſt moſt eſchew,
griefe do thy thoughts, & thoughts thy griefe renew.

Thy

of Hell.

Thy memory now, recalles vnto thy minde,
The ſhort delight, of all thy pleaſure paſt,
It wounds thy heart, theſe paines for them to finde,
Which grieuous are, and ſhall for euer laſt:
Thy deſperate caſe, no comfort can obtaine,
Thy paſſed ioyes, increaſe thy preſent paine.

Thy vnderſtanding, doth thy miſery ſhew,
And telleth thee, thou art in Sathans iawes,
For ſhort delights, thy loſſe it makes thee know,
And in thy ſoule, the worme of conſcience gnawes:
Thoſe fading ioyes, in rage thou doeſt defie,
And in diſpaire, they make thee thus to crie.

My former ioy, a ſhadow was indeed,
Which did not laſt, but paſſed quite away,
My preſent paine, all meaſure doth exceed,
No wit, no arte, my torments can bewray:
A time there was, true bliſſe for to obtaine,
But time's now paſt, and labour's now in vaine.

O cur-

Of the paines

The complaint of a ſinner in Hell.

O curſed time, in which I time forſooke,
A little paine, had ridde me of this wo,
O curſed ioyes, in which I pleaſure tooke,
For pleaſing you, all pleaſure I forgo:
And here in hell, each kinde of paine I finde,
Which waſtes my fleſh, and wounds my wofull (minde.

If I my ſinnes, with ſorrow had confeſt,
They had to me, beene cleane remitted all,
In ſteed of griefe, I glorie had poſſeſt,
If I for grace, had bent my minde to call:
O curſed wretch, that for ſo ſmall a paine,
Refuſing bliſſe, in torments muſt remaine.

The greateſt ioyes, that do on earth abound,
Can in the world, not yeeld ſo much delight,
As here by paine, is in one moment found,
Whoſe blaſing wo, is preſent ſtill in ſight:
What frenſie then, bewitcht my wretched heart,
For fained ioyes, to ſuffer endleſſe ſmart.

My

of Hell.

My parents were, the cauſers of my wo,
And all the meat, on which I euer fed,
My carnall life, hath proued my greateſt fo,
And vnto me, this miſerie now hath bred:
Accurſt be all, that hath my ruine wrought,
And euery meane, which me to liuing brought.

Thriſe happy they, on earth that neuer were,
Their ſtate is bleſt, which neuer come to liue,
O bleſſed wombs, that children neuer beare,
O happy breſts, that neuer ſuck did giue:
O deadly paine, O moſt vnhappy place,
O curſed wretch, whom all miſhaps imbrace.

Let's heare thy plaints, in this infernall place,
Where Scorpions ſting, & Snakes do thee torment,
Where hammers beat, and diuels do roaring make,
Where hope is paſt, and damned ſoules lament:
Where wormes do craule, & vgly ſerpents creepe
where paines aboũd, & ſorrows make thee weep.

Of the paines

Againſt our Lord, thou rageſt with deſpight,
And him thou doeſt, with curſing words defie,
Thou barred art, for ſeeing any light,
And while he liues, thou muſt for euer die:
Lo here the fruite, which earthly pleaſures bring,
Thy paines agree, in meaſure with thy ſinne.

Thy ſweet delights, are come to wo and wrack,
Thy happie ſtate, into a wretched caſe,
Thy greedy minde, is anſwered here with lack,
Thy lecherous armes, do vglie fiends imbrace:
Thy vexed ſoule, now howles for deadly paine,
Thy heauie heart, doth ſuffer much diſdaine.

Thou findeſt ſmart, in ſteed of pleaſant game,
Thy dainty wines, are turn'd to bitter gall,
Thy coſtly cloathes, are chang'd to burning flame,
Thy loftie pride, hath now a loathſome fall:
Thou nothing haſt, which may afford thee eaſe,
And feeleſt all, that may thee moſt diſpleaſe.

Yet

Yet chiefly one, which all doth farre exceed,
And as it is, none rightly can esteeme,
It greeues thee most, and makes thy heart to bleed,
And ioynde with it, the other nothing seeme:
Then iudge what paine, this torture brings to thee
When match to it, all, nothing seemes to bee.

Thy senses feele, for euery sinne a paine,
So rated there, as here thou took'st delight,
And now for that, our Lord thou didst disdaine,
Thou banisht art, for euer from his sight:
The paine of sense, small torment thou doest finde,
When thou this losse, doest call into thy minde.

O grieuous losse, which cannot be expresst,
O cause of griefe, and spring of deadly wo,
Thy soule hath lost, the center of her rest,
Thy hope, thy health, thy life, thou must forgo:
No paine, nor losse, with this we may compare,
It passeth all, and none it can declare.

Of the paines

From hope of ioyes, this is an endleſſe barre,
And greateſt plague, which God on ſinne beſtowes,
Compar'd with this, all torments pleaſant are,
And all thy woes, an eaſie burthen ſhowes:
The bitterſt paines, ſeeme trifles in thine eyes,
Compar'd with this, the flames thou doſt deſpiſe.

What wo, what paine, what ſmart can be rehearſt?
What wanteth now, on thee for to be laid?
With ſwords of griefe, thy heart is daily pearſt,
With dreadfull feares, thy conſcience is diſmaide:
Thy ſoule hath loſt, what moſt ſhe doth deſire,
Thy body burnes, in flames of endleſſe fire.

And if thy paine, an ending might obtaine,
When yeares there were, as many thouſands runne,
As on the earth, haue lig'hted drops of raine,
Since fi.ſt of all, this wretched world begunne:
Some helpe this hope, m'ght bring vnto thy mind,
When hope were leaſt, an end at laſt to finde.

But

of Hell;

But of them all, no eaſe nor end thou haſt,
Which in thy ſoule, ſome comfort might procure,
No time will helpe, thy ſorrowes for to waſt,
While God is God, thy torments ſhall indure:
The paine in truth, is more then can be told,
The ſight in thought, no creature can behold.

O dying life, O hell of endleſſe ſmart,
Which nature hates, and all things do deteſt,
O liuing death, no life nor death thou art,
For death hath end, and life hath ſomtimes reſt:
The worſt of both, our Lord hath put in thee,
That neither reſt, nor end might euer be.

Of the ioyes of Heauen.

O damned ſoule, why doeſt thou roare and crie?
What deadly griefes, thee daily do oppreſſe?
But lift a while, thy curſed eyes on hye,
And ſee what ioyes, the bleſſed there poſſeſſe:
That by the ſight, thy torments may increaſe,
And for thy life, thy ſorrowes neuer ceaſe.

Of the ioyes

And firſt behold, the beauty of the place,
Where all the Saints, with Chriſt in glory raigne,
What peece is there, that's mixed with diſgrace,
Where it is free, from taſte of any paine?
Where great rewards, attend on good deſerts,
And all delight, poſſeſſeth faithfull hearts.

O wicked wretch this Citty now behold,
Which doth ſurpaſſe, the reach of any thought,
The gates are pearle, the ſtreetes of fineſt gold,
With precious ſtones, the walls are wholy wrought:
Of Sunne or Moone, it needeth not the light,
For euer there, the Sunne is ſhining bright.

And from his ſeat, a Chriſtall riuer flowes,
Where life doth runne, and pleaſure alwaies ſprings,
On either ſide, a tree of comfort growes,
Which ſauing health, to euery nation brings:
It worketh reſt, and ſtinteth worldly ſtrife,
It killeth death, aad bringeth endleſſe life.

This

of Heauen.

This goodly place, all beauty doth ſurmount,
And all this world, in largeneſſe paſſeth farre,
The earth it ſelfe, for bigneſſe in account,
Not equall is, vnto the ſmalleſt ſtarre:
O worthy place, whoſe glory doth excell,
Thriſe happy they, that here attaine to dwell.

No Saint is here, but brighter ſeemes to be,
Then Sunne or Moone, whoſe brightneſſe wonder breed,
What glory then, ſo many Saints to ſee?
Which all the ſtarres, in number farre exceed:
O glorious place, where glory doth abound,
O bleſſed ſtate, where bliſſe is alwaies found.

Arch-Angels are, but vnder ſeruants here,
And Angels doe, their makers will obay,
The powers with ioy, in triumph do appeare,
The vertues ſhine, the thrones their beames diſplay:
The Cherubines, do yeeld a glorious ſight,
The Seraphines, with loue are burning bright.

The

Of the ioyes

The Patriarches here, haue ioy for all their paine,
True Prophets are, with endleſſe glory bleſt,
The holy Martyrs, worthy crownes obtaine,
The godly finde, a heauen of happy reſt:
To all their ioyes, in glory they are met,
And now poſſeſſe, what long they ſought to get.

Theſe ſacred Saints, remaine in perfect peace,
Which Chriſt confeſt, and walked in his wayes,
They ſwim in bliſſe, which now ſhall neuer ceaſe,
And ſinging all, his name for euer praiſe:
Before his throne, in white they daily ſtand,
And carry palmes of triumph in their hand.

Each in their order, ſeemlie to behold,
Are plac'd, by that all-ruling power diuine;
But how diſtinguiſh'd, is not to be told;
For all as different ſtarres in glory ſhine.
The manſions are, for greater, and for leſſe ·
Where all of ioy, the perfect ſtate poſſeſſe.

The

of Heauen.

The twelue Apoſtles, earſt held as a ſcorne,
Who here below, left all, to beare the croſſe,
Exalted are, the high heauens to adorne,
And rule with Chriſt, for whom they ſuffered loſſe.
Vpon twelue thrones, they now in glory ſitte;
And iudge the tribes, as teacheth holy writte.

Aboue them all, and in an higher throne,
Our Sauiour in, his man-hood ſitteth here,
From whom proceeds all perfect ioy alone,
And in this place, all glory doth appeare:
The Saints delight, conceiued cannot be,
When they a man, the Lord of Angels ſee.

They rauiſht are, with ioy in ſeeing this,
How Chriſt our Lord, the chiefeſt place obtaines,
They now behold, the ſea of endleſſe bliſſe,
And ioy to marke, how he in triumph raignes:
What vnto men, more honour can befall,
Then here to ſee, a man the head of all?

Of the ioyes

More ioy it yeelds, then any can deuiſe,
And greater bliſſe, then can in word be told,
His pearcing beames, do dazell all their eyes,
His brightneſſe ſcarce, the Angels can behold:
The Saints in him, their wiſhed comfort finde,
And now enioy, what moſt contents their minde.

To thinke on this, it paſſeth humane wit,
The more we thinke, the leſſe we come to know,
He doth vpon, his fathers right hand ſit,
And all the Saints, their humble ſeruice ſhow:
His ſight to them, doth endleſſe comfort bring,
And they to him, all praiſe for euer ſing.

O worthy place, where ſuch a Lord is chiefe,
O glorious Lord, which princely ſeruants keepes,
O happy Saints, which neuer taſt of griefe,
O bleſſed ſtate, where malice euer ſleepes:
No one is here, of baſe or meane degree,
But all are knowne, the ſonnes of God to bee.

What

What higher place, can any Prince attaine,
Then to be ſonne, to him which rules aboue?
This ſtate is no wayes, ſubiect to diſdaine,
But in their mindes like brethern they do loue:
No place is left, for any hate or feare,
But here they all, one heart and ſoule do beare.

O happy peace, where diſcord neuer fights,
The ioyes of all, are found in euery breaſt,
For each as much, in others ioyes delights,
As if alone, it in himſelfe did reſt:
In all their ioyes, no difference is there knowne,
For each accompts, them all to be his owne.

And thoſe they taſt, wherewith our Lord abounds,
And as theyr owne, his glory do they take,
Vnto themſelues, by vnion it redounds,
And all his ioyes, their glory perfect make:
So faſt are knit, the members to the head,
As ouer them his ioy is wholly ſpread.

Of the ioyes

What ioy is left, which here they doe not finde?
What greater bliſſe, what pleaſure may be more?
What comfort may, conceiued be in minde?:
Which hath not beene, recited here before.
Yet one delight, behinde as yet remaines,
Which one is all, and all in it containes.

They face to face, doe God Almightie ſee,
And all in him, as in a perfect glaſſe:
No good there is, but here is found to be,
And all delights, his viſage doth ſurpaſſe:
Each ſight doth yeeld, the heart all perfect reſt,
Becauſe no good, without him is poſſeſt.

He preſent, paſt, all future things doth ſhow,
And therefore reſt, their vnderſtanding heare,
There's nothing needfull, but in him they know,
And to their eyes, it plainly doth appeare:
They now obtaine, what long they ſought to get,
And all their thoughts, are wholy on him ſet.

Their

Their will doth laſt, in louing of this ſight,
In which conſiſts, all good that can be thought,
They here haue fix'd, their loue and whole delight,
And neuer will, from louing this be brought:
For here all good, and goodneſſe doth abound,
And neuer can, without this good be found.

There whole deſire, from hence doth neuer part,
But ſetled here, for euer doth abide,
This ſight doth fill, the mouth of euery heart,
And nothing leaues, for them to wiſh beſide:
Without deſire, deſire, content remaines,
And her deſire, with full delight obtaines.

There faith beholds, her beſt beloued gueſt,
And her beleefe, thus ſight doth here fulfill,
There conſtant hope, her hope hath now poſſeſt,
And him enioyes, for whom ſhe hoped ſtill:
There charitie, not perfect full before,
To perfect ſtate, this viſion doth reſtore.

Of the ioyes

O glorious ſight, O ſunne of endles bliſſe,
Which neuer weares, nor ſeemeth for to fade,
Who euer ſaw, ſo faire a ſight as this?
What may be thought, that may not here be had?
They liue in ioy, which now ſhall neuer waſt,
Who euer did, ſuch hopes of comfort taſte?

They here poſſeſſe, what may content them moſt,
And nothing want, which perfect bliſſe may bring,
With all delight, here breathes the holy Ghoſt,
Which alwayes makes, a freſh and endleſſe ſpring:
No day is there, no morning, noone, nor night,
But euer one, and alwayes ſhining bright.

O bleſſed ioyes, which all theſe ſoules poſſeſſe,
O happy fruite, which Chriſt for them hath wonne,
And in degree, the bodies finde no leſſe,
But ſhine with beames, farre brighter then the ſunne:
Not ſubiect more, to ſickneſſe, griefe, or paine,
In glory now, immortall they remaine,

And

And perfect ioyes, each ſenſe in priuate findes,
Their eyes behold, that paſſing glorious ſight,
Where nothing wants, for to content their mindes,
And all things are, which may their eyes delight.
Their eares are fed, with hearing ſweeteſt ſounds,
And them to pleaſe, al muſicke here abounds.

From ſongs of praiſe, the Saints no moment ſpare
No teares are ſeene, nor any eye to weepe,
But in this place, the muſicke is ſo rare,
As halfe a ſound, would bring all hearts aſleepe.
And euery ſenſe, a proper pleaſure takes,
Which ioyn'd in one, their glory perfect makes.

No eye hath ſeene, what ioy the Saints obtaine,
Nor eares haue heard, what comforts are poſſeſt,
No heart can thinke, in what delight they raigne,
Nor pen expreſſe, this happy port of reſt:
Where pleaſures flowe, and griefe is neuer ſeene,
Where good abounds, and ill is baniſht cleene.

Of the ioyes

And of theſe ioyes, no creature end ſhall ſee,
The longer time, the ſweeter they doe ſhow,
Whiles God endures, they ended cannot be,
And neuer waſte, but alwayes ſeeme to grow:
When worlds are worne, & many millions paſt,
They new begin, and ſhall for euer laſt.

O ſeat of ioy, where endleſſe ioy remaines,
O heauen of bliſſe, where none do ſuffer wrack,
O happy houſe, which all delight containes,
O bleſſed ſtate, which neuer feeleth lack.
O goodly tree, which fruites doth euer beare,
O quiet ſtate, which dangers need not feare.

O mixture pure, which baſeſt droſſe refines,
O pleaſant place, which onely comfort brings,
O ioyfull ſumme, where glory alwayes ſhines,
O fertill ſoile, where pleaſure alwaies ſprings:
O glorious ſoules, O bodies highly bleſt,
O ſea of good, and of all good the beſt.

O dam-

of Heauen.

O damned wretch, the thought of this alone,
Oppreſſeth thee, with heapes of deadly care,
And ſighing now, in ſpirit thou do'ſt grone,
When with their bliſſe, thy woe thou do'ſt compare:
Thy grieuous loſſe, doth grudg thy wretched heart,
And it with griefe, redoubles all thy ſmart.

A ſpeech of the damned.

If all the world, by conqueſt thou hadſt wonne,
A trifle now, thou thinkeſt all to giue,
That on the earth, thy race were not begonne,
And thou againe, were ſuffered here to liue:
An other courſe, thou would'ſt then vndertake,
And ſeruing god, thy carnall luſts forſake.

The ſtraighteſt life, no paines thou would'ſt eſteeme,
Thy praying would, a paſſing ioy appeare,
Thy faſting oft, no trouble then would ſeeme,
Nor any griefe, the hardeſt torment here:
A ioy thou would'ſt, accompt the greateſt paine,
To ſcape from hell, and endles bliſſe obtaine.

Of the ioyes of Heauen.

Then muſt I call, O wretched man to thee,
And end where firſt, I did beginne to write,
That all theſe ioyes, and paines, which thou doſt ſee,
May moue thy minde, to leade thy life arighte:
Thy hart will melt, to thinke vppon thy caſe,
If there be left, but halfe a ſparke of grace.

Thou findeſt here, what thou wilt wiſh at laſt,
And that accompt, which none can euer ſhunne,
Then frame thy life, before the time be paſt,
As thou wilt wiſh, that thou in time hadſt done:
Leaſt thou in vaine, doſt waile thy wretched ſtate,
When time is paſt, and wailing comes too late.

FINIS.